Firſt my feare then my curſie, laſt my ſpeech.
My feare, is your diſpleaſure, my curſy, my duty, & my ſpeech, to beg your pardons: if you looke for a good ſpeech now, you vndo me, for what I haue to ſay is of mine owne making, and what indeed (I ſhould ſay) wil (I doubt) proue mine own marring: but to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture. Be it knowne to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a better: I meant indeed to pay you with this, which if like an il venture it come vnluckily home, I breake, and you my gentle creditors looſe, here I promiſde you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies, bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and (as moſt debtors do) promiſe you infinitely: and ſo I kneele downe before you; but indeed, to pray for the Queene.

If my tongue cannot intreate you to acquit mee, will you commaund me to vſe my legges? And yet that were but light payment, to daunce out of your debt, but a good conſcience will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo woulde I: all the Gentlewomen heere haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen doe not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer ſeene in ſuch an affemblie.

One word more I beſeech you, if you bee not too much cloyd with fatte meate, our humble Author will continue the ſtorie, with ſir Iohn in it, and make you merry with faire Katharine of Fraunce, where (for any thing I knowe) Falſtaffe ſhall die of a ſweat, vnleſſe already a be killd with your harde opinions; for Olde-caſtle died Martyre, and this is not the man: my tongue is weary, when my legges are too, I wil bid you, good night.

FINIS.

The
Cornwall
1600.